

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICE: BROWN ST., bet. Main and River
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

A YOUNG RED-HEADED LADY.

WANTED AS MATERIAL FOR AN ALBUM,
AND NOTHING STRANGER OR REMARK-
ABLE ABOUT IT.

Wanted—A young red-headed lady, travel-
ing on a bicycle, aged about twenty years,
to call on me.

The above advertisement was shown to a tall, bearded looking young man standing behind a rail in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's.

Nothing unusual about that, interrupted the tall man. But who was the young red-headed lady? It was not usual to advertise for them in—

Nothing unusual, I assure you, Charlie—applied to me for one and we advertised. He runs a side show and we the circus.

Did he tell you he wanted a young red-headed lady for a side show?

Certainly.

Well, can you tell me what he wanted her for?

Of course. He wanted to make an album out of her.

Does he think that is strange?

How strange? Here is a man that wants an album. A red-headed girl makes the best album. Here is a red-headed girl that is willing to be an album.

Why shouldn't he advertise for her? I don't see anything strange in that. The young man was strange about the matter. He had a hundred red-headed girls in his side show here to-day; not one would consent to go with a side show. They all want to go on the stage and be Clara.

But Albino are not young red-headed ladies. Don't you think there is something strange—

No, at all, said the dramatic and variety agent. A human hair is a tube nearly white and transparent. The coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside.

When the coloring matter is bleached out of red hair it leaves a white hair nearly resembling the hair of a true Albino than in the case of other kinds of hair.

May I publish that Mr. Charles—

would transform a young red-headed lady into an Albino?

Certainly. As will have no objection, if I can think it worth printing, but I don't see anything strange or remarkable about the matter.—New York Sun.

Stonewall Jackson's Flag.

At the flag room of the war department a few days since, says the Washington Post, three men called, and one of them was the corps flag of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. It was handed to him. In silence he held it for some time, then, on the knees he carefully spread it on the floor, when one of his friends asked him what he was doing. He answered, "I am showing it to you, because it is the flag of the man who saved my life." "Can't the father have got the flag or the son, at this time?" This flag was the father when he fell upon the battle field; this flag my brother held too, died, I also carried it? whereupon he raised his hands to heaven and poured out a most fervent prayer. His friends then asked him to give up the flag, but when rolling it up (it was so worn) a small piece fell out, the officer in charge picked up the piece and gave it to the man, and he departed. It was a small act, yet as the officer in charge was an ex-Union soldier, it showed a noble feeling and how one soldier can appreciate the reverential love for a flag of battle shown by mother, even when fighting on opposite sides.

Godley's Lady's Book for August.

Comes to us full of fresh, breezy matter, a welcome guest upon the mid-summer day. From Darley's exquisite pen to the eagerly sought chat on fashion it is full of interest and the closest scrutiny will fail to find one dull page. The fashions are so numerous that every taste must meet with its own requirements, in preparing summer wardrobes for home or the resorts of travel in the hot season. Seaside costumes and mountain dresses, the simplicity of country dress, or the elaborate toilet of the watering place belle, can be modeled from the illustrations given in Godley, and the clear directions accompanying them. The literary matter is rich and varied, containing sparkling stories and exquisite poetry from the pens of such popular writers as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Christina Rossetti, James D. Mackintosh, S. Anne Shield, Caroline M. Smith, and others. In every department there is to be found matter valuable to the fair sex, for whom the magazine is especially intended, and we are sure our opinion will be endorsed by every reader of the beautiful number before us. We will furnish the book for \$1.00, and Godley's Lady's Book for one year at the low price of \$3.50 on subscription at this office.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine for August.

The leading literary magazine in the August number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine is "The Water-Mill," a poem that is published by the request of hundreds of people who want to preserve it in some substantial form. The poem has had a wonderful popularity all over the country, and our readers will rejoice to see it in an illustrated form. The next article, humorously illustrated, is the visit of a yachtman to the coast of Cornwall, England, in an American yacht, and there is a learned article on Madras, India, with a view of the city and then follows a nice summer story, called "The Boy and John A. Peters, a favorite story, told overboard, by Capt. W. H. Macy, the Nutcracker whaler; Sunday School, their Origin and History, by Colonel James Franklin Fitts; An Old Letter, a pretty little story, by Anna G. Sawyer; Mrs. Vanover's Folly, by Florence H. Birney; and Last, by Louise Duple. The other articles are: Recollections of other Days; Midsummer; The Family Peppercorn; Her Hero; No Return; A Little Mung Teacher; The Peach Orchard; The Three-Sided Statue; The Young People's Story; The Teller; Fred and Pessie; Tom's Grandfather; Ruthven's Puzzle; Curious Matters; Things Pleasant and Unpleasant; Our Picture Gallery; Published by Ballou's Monthly Magazine, Boston, Mass., at \$1.00 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

IT WAS THE CAT.

But no One Could Charge it on the Old Lady.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Down at Howell, the other day an old woman about seventy years old boarded a train for Detroit. She was from Northern Indiana, and she carried a large basket of fruit. She would not allow any hand to take it from her. She had scarcely got seated when the passengers were startled by a loud "Meow!" in the car, quickly followed by a "Meow!" and other "Meows" too numerous to mention. While all were searching to discover the cat, the old lady sat as still as a poker and looked straight ahead at the stovepipe. The cat continued, and a passenger peered around until he located the cat in her basket.

"Meow!" she called, and the cat came out of its hole in the basket.

What cat? she snapped.

Don't you know that under the table of this car, he went on, "a person who removes a full grown cat from one country to another is a written permission of the Swamp Land Commissioners is liable to a fine of \$100."

Good! But I didn't know that," she exclaimed, as she faced about.

Women don't keep track of the laws as men do, said. Personally, I'd like to see you take that cat through to Detroit, but there may be some one on this train just mean enough to inform against you, and have you arrested. I'd let her out, if I were you.

Yes, I will, for I don't want to break any law at my age.

She fumbled about the basket for a minute, and all of a sudden the cat jumped out. She snatched upon the head of the man who put up the job, gave him a sharp rap on the nose, and then she turned to another like a squirrel, biting, spitting and clawing as she went. Everybody rose up and yelled—everybody but the old woman. She sat like a statue, afraid of being suspected. When the feline had jumped to the length of the car, she turned to an open window, shot out like a bullet, landing right side up, and making tracks for a barn in a field.

Who brought that cat aboard? I demand the name of the person who owned that cat? shouted the man whose hand the cat had scratched.

No one answered. Several passengers looked straight at the old woman, who stood for a minute, and then lifted up her basket and called out:

The only person to look among the dried pears in this basket for a cat, he can do as you don't, all look at me as I live in the woods, and didn't keep posted on law.

An Enthusiastic Veteran.

When the Times of July's "Vote for General Hancock?" said an old veteran, to the editor of the Times on Saturday last, "Vote for Hancock? Why, sir, I never voted anything but a Republican ticket in my life, but if God spares me until election day, this right hand will drop a vote for the great General who saved my life at Fredericksburg."

"Saved your life?" we asked.

"Ah, sir, I lay wounded upon the field. Peter was passing by, and he gave me a good slap on the head. Just at that time a general came in sight, and I entered a deep groan which attracted his attention. He jumped from his horse, gave his hand to me and said, 'I am glad to see you, and I will quickly rid you of your pain. Oh, the delicious cool water! I shall never forget it! Turning to an aide he said: 'Here, order an ambulance to meet this poor fellow must not be left here to die. Send him to the hospital, and tell the General Hancock's special efforts in his behalf.' Turning to me he said: 'Courage, my brave man—your general will look out for his children. Here I am, and General Hancock saved my life, and he shall not only have my vote but the votes of all I can influence.'"

A Tough Tramp.

The Chicago Times has a special detailing exciting events in Carroll county, Ark., by which a thief-tramp and two citizens lost their lives. J. W. Meyers, a farmer living in that county, found a tramp returning to his home from the field that it had been plundered in his absence. He immediately gave chase and ran the thief down in Scott county, Mo., where he was sleeping over night at the house of Mr. Kimbrell. He found him covered with rifle and shot him five times later down a pistol while the tramp lay on his back and shot him through the heart. The tramp then escaped back into Arkansas, where the Sheriff and eight men finally ran him down at the house of an old man supposed to be his father. They surrounded the house and when he appeared in the door opened fire simultaneously, causing the shot to fly from his clothes but not mortally wounding him. He returned the fire with a pistol in either hand, and while they were reloading took to the fields. The posse followed him and firing another volley, brought him to the ground apparently dead, but when one of the posse, J. M. Jones, went up to take a look at the most daring man that ever lived, the fellow pulled a pistol and fired at his head and fired it. Mr. Jones falling back dead. The desperado, desperately wounded in several places, soon after expired. He is believed to have been concerned in many dark deeds of late in that section.

A Desirable Target.

"Love knows hidden paths," indeed! It does pretend to; but two loving hearts are sighing the hours away in some secluded nook, thinking and dreaming of a future filled to the brim with bliss unpeakable, nothing shows the fallacy of the dream but the merry chuckle of some young brother who is roaming about the forest, with bow and arrow, not like Cupid, to pluck two hearts together with a shaft of love, but to have a good shot at the young man's new plaid and his young man's new plaid and his young man's new plaid.

Tonsorial Parlor.

promising to do anything, hair cutting, shampooing, etc., to the best excellence.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICE: BROWN ST., bet. Main and River
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

A YOUNG RED-HEADED LADY.

WANTED AS MATERIAL FOR AN ALBUM,
AND NOTHING STRANGER OR REMARK-
ABLE ABOUT IT.

Wanted—A young red-headed lady, travel-
ing on a bicycle, aged about twenty years,
to call on me.

The above advertisement was shown to a tall, bearded looking young man standing behind a rail in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's.

Nothing unusual about that, interrupted the tall man. But who was the young red-headed lady? It was not usual to advertise for them in—

Nothing unusual, I assure you, Charlie—applied to me for one and we advertised. He runs a side show and we the circus.

Did he tell you he wanted a young red-headed lady for a side show?

Certainly.

Well, can you tell me what he wanted her for?

Of course. He wanted to make an album out of her.

Does he think that is strange?

How strange? Here is a man that wants an album. A red-headed girl makes the best album. Here is a red-headed girl that is willing to be an album.

Why shouldn't he advertise for her? I don't see anything strange in that. The young man was strange about the matter. He had a hundred red-headed girls in his side show here to-day; not one would consent to go with a side show. They all want to go on the stage and be Clara.

But Albino are not young red-headed ladies. Don't you think there is something strange—

No, at all, said the dramatic and variety agent. A human hair is a tube nearly white and transparent. The coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside.

When the coloring matter is bleached out of red hair it leaves a white hair nearly resembling the hair of a true Albino than in the case of other kinds of hair.

May I publish that Mr. Charles—

would transform a young red-headed lady into an Albino?

Certainly. As will have no objection, if I can think it worth printing, but I don't see anything strange or remarkable about the matter.—New York Sun.

Stonewall Jackson's Flag.

At the flag room of the war department a few days since, says the Washington Post, three men called, and one of them was the corps flag of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. It was handed to him. In silence he held it for some time, then, on the knees he carefully spread it on the floor, when one of his friends asked him what he was doing. He answered, "I am showing it to you, because it is the flag of the man who saved my life." "Can't the father have got the flag or the son, at this time?" This flag was the father when he fell upon the battle field; this flag my brother held too, died, I also carried it? whereupon he raised his hands to heaven and poured out a most fervent prayer. His friends then asked him to give up the flag, but when rolling it up (it was so worn) a small piece fell out, the officer in charge picked up the piece and gave it to the man, and he departed. It was a small act, yet as the officer in charge was an ex-Union soldier, it showed a noble feeling and how one soldier can appreciate the reverential love for a flag of battle shown by mother, even when fighting on opposite sides.

Godley's Lady's Book for August.

Comes to us full of fresh, breezy matter, a welcome guest upon the mid-summer day. From Darley's exquisite pen to the eagerly sought chat on fashion it is full of interest and the closest scrutiny will fail to find one dull page. The fashions are so numerous that every taste must meet with its own requirements, in preparing summer wardrobes for home or the resorts of travel in the hot season. Seaside costumes and mountain dresses, the simplicity of country dress, or the elaborate toilet of the watering place belle, can be modeled from the illustrations given in Godley, and the clear directions accompanying them. The literary matter is rich and varied, containing sparkling stories and exquisite poetry from the pens of such popular writers as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Christina Rossetti, James D. Mackintosh, S. Anne Shield, Caroline M. Smith, and others. In every department there is to be found matter valuable to the fair sex, for whom the magazine is especially intended, and we are sure our opinion will be endorsed by every reader of the beautiful number before us. We will furnish the book for \$1.00, and Godley's Lady's Book for one year at the low price of \$3.50 on subscription at this office.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine for August.

The leading literary magazine in the August number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine is "The Water-Mill," a poem that is published by the request of hundreds of people who want to preserve it in some substantial form. The poem has had a wonderful popularity all over the country, and our readers will rejoice to see it in an illustrated form. The next article, humorously illustrated, is the visit of a yachtman to the coast of Cornwall, England, in an American yacht, and there is a learned article on Madras, India, with a view of the city and then follows a nice summer story, called "The Boy and John A. Peters, a favorite story, told overboard, by Capt. W. H. Macy, the Nutcracker whaler; Sunday School, their Origin and History, by Colonel James Franklin Fitts; An Old Letter, a pretty little story, by Anna G. Sawyer; Mrs. Vanover's Folly, by Florence H. Birney; and Last, by Louise Duple. The other articles are: Recollections of other Days; Midsummer; The Family Peppercorn; Her Hero; No Return; A Little Mung Teacher; The Peach Orchard; The Three-Sided Statue; The Young People's Story; The Teller; Fred and Pessie; Tom's Grandfather; Ruthven's Puzzle; Curious Matters; Things Pleasant and Unpleasant; Our Picture Gallery; Published by Ballou's Monthly Magazine, Boston, Mass., at \$1.00 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICE: BROWN ST., bet. Main and River
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

A YOUNG RED-HEADED LADY.

WANTED AS MATERIAL FOR AN ALBUM,
AND NOTHING STRANGER OR REMARK-
ABLE ABOUT IT.

Wanted—A young red-headed lady, travel-
ing on a bicycle, aged about twenty years,
to call on me.

The above advertisement was shown to a tall, bearded looking young man standing behind a rail in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's.

Nothing unusual about that, interrupted the tall man. But who was the young red-headed lady? It was not usual to advertise for them in—

Nothing unusual, I assure you, Charlie—applied to me for one and we advertised. He runs a side show and we the circus.

Did he tell you he wanted a young red-headed lady for a side show?

Certainly.

Well, can you tell me what he wanted her for?

Of course. He wanted to make an album out of her.

Does he think that is strange?

How strange? Here is a man that wants an album. A red-headed girl makes the best album. Here is a red-headed girl that is willing to be an album.

Why shouldn't he advertise for her? I don't see anything strange in that. The young man was strange about the matter. He had a hundred red-headed girls in his side show here to-day; not one would consent to go with a side show. They all want to go on the stage and be Clara.

But Albino are not young red-headed ladies. Don't you think there is something strange—

No, at all, said the dramatic and variety agent. A human hair is a tube nearly white and transparent. The coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside.

When the coloring matter is bleached out of red hair it leaves a white hair nearly resembling the hair of a true Albino than in the case of other kinds of hair.

May I publish that Mr. Charles—

would transform a young red-headed lady into an Albino?

Certainly. As will have no objection, if I can think it worth printing, but I don't see anything strange or remarkable about the matter.—New York Sun.

Stonewall Jackson's Flag.

At the flag room of the war department a few days since, says the Washington Post, three men called, and one of them was the corps flag of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. It was handed to him. In silence he held it for some time, then, on the knees he carefully spread it on the floor, when one of his friends asked him what he was doing. He answered, "I am showing it to you, because it is the flag of the man who saved my life." "Can't the father have got the flag or the son, at this time?" This flag was the father when he fell upon the battle field; this flag my brother held too, died, I also carried it? whereupon he raised his hands to heaven and poured out a most fervent prayer. His friends then asked him to give up the flag, but when rolling it up (it was so worn) a small piece fell out, the officer in charge picked up the piece and gave it to the man, and he departed. It was a small act, yet as the officer in charge was an ex-Union soldier, it showed a noble feeling and how one soldier can appreciate the reverential love for a flag of battle shown by mother, even when fighting on opposite sides.

Godley's Lady's Book for August.

Comes to us full of fresh, breezy matter, a welcome guest upon the mid-summer day. From Darley's exquisite pen to the eagerly sought chat on fashion it is full of interest and the closest scrutiny will fail to find one dull page. The fashions are so numerous that every taste must meet with its own requirements, in preparing summer wardrobes for home or the resorts of travel in the hot season. Seaside costumes and mountain dresses, the simplicity of country dress, or the elaborate toilet of the watering place belle, can be modeled from the illustrations given in Godley, and the clear directions accompanying them. The literary matter is rich and varied, containing sparkling stories and exquisite poetry from the pens of such popular writers as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Christina Rossetti, James D. Mackintosh, S. Anne Shield, Caroline M. Smith, and others. In every department there is to be found matter valuable to the fair sex, for whom the magazine is especially intended, and we are sure our opinion will be endorsed by every reader of the beautiful number before us. We will furnish the book for \$1.00, and Godley's Lady's Book for one year at the low price of \$3.50 on subscription at this office.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine for August.

The leading literary magazine in the August number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine is "The Water-Mill," a poem that is published by the request of hundreds of people who want to preserve it in some substantial form. The poem has had a wonderful popularity all over the country, and our readers will rejoice to see it in an illustrated form. The next article, humorously illustrated, is the visit of a yachtman to the coast of Cornwall, England, in an American yacht, and there is a learned article on Madras, India, with a view of the city and then follows a nice summer story, called "The Boy and John A. Peters, a favorite story, told overboard, by Capt. W. H. Macy, the Nutcracker whaler; Sunday School, their Origin and History, by Colonel James Franklin Fitts; An Old Letter, a pretty little story, by Anna G. Sawyer; Mrs. Vanover's Folly, by Florence H. Birney; and Last, by Louise Duple. The other articles are: Recollections of other Days; Midsummer; The Family Peppercorn; Her Hero; No Return; A Little Mung Teacher; The Peach Orchard; The Three-Sided Statue; The Young People's Story; The Teller; Fred and Pessie; Tom's Grandfather; Ruthven's Puzzle; Curious Matters; Things Pleasant and Unpleasant; Our Picture Gallery; Published by Ballou's Monthly Magazine, Boston, Mass., at \$1.00 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICE: BROWN ST., bet. Main and River
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

A YOUNG RED-HEADED LADY.

WANTED AS MATERIAL FOR AN ALBUM,
AND NOTHING STRANGER OR REMARK-
ABLE ABOUT IT.

Wanted—A young red-headed lady, travel-
ing on a bicycle, aged about twenty years,
to call on me.

The above advertisement was shown to a tall, bearded looking young man standing behind a rail in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's. He was in the office of Brown's.

Nothing unusual about that, interrupted the tall man. But who was the young red-headed lady? It was not usual to advertise for them in—

Nothing unusual, I assure you, Charlie—applied to me for one and we advertised. He runs a side show and we the circus.

Did he tell you he wanted a young red-headed lady for a side show?

Certainly.

Well, can you tell me what he wanted her for?

Of course. He wanted to make an album out of her.

Does he think that is strange?

How strange? Here is a man that wants an album. A red-headed girl makes the best album. Here is a red-headed girl that is willing to be an album.

Why shouldn't he advertise for her? I don't see anything strange in that. The young man was strange about the matter. He had a hundred red-headed girls in his side show here to-day; not one would consent to go with a side show. They all want to go on the stage and be Clara.

But Albino are not young red-headed ladies. Don't you think there is something strange—

No, at all, said the dramatic and variety agent. A human hair is a tube nearly white and transparent. The coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is inside.

When the coloring matter is bleached out of red hair it leaves a white hair nearly resembling the hair of a true Albino than in the case of other kinds of hair.

May I publish that Mr. Charles—

would transform a young red-headed lady into an Albino?

Certainly. As will have no objection, if I can think it worth printing, but I don't see anything strange or remarkable about the matter.—New York Sun.

Stonewall Jackson's Flag.

At the flag room of the war department a few days since, says the Washington Post, three men called, and one of them was the corps flag of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. It was handed to him. In silence he held it for some time, then, on the knees he carefully spread it on the floor, when one of his friends asked him what he was doing. He answered, "I am showing it to you, because it is the flag of the man who saved my life." "Can't the father have got the flag or the son, at this time?" This flag was the father when he fell upon the battle field; this flag my brother held too, died, I also carried it? whereupon he raised his hands to heaven and poured out a most fervent prayer. His friends then asked him to give up the flag, but when rolling it up (it was so worn) a small piece fell out, the officer in charge picked up the piece and gave it to the man, and he departed. It was a small act, yet as the officer in charge was an ex-Union soldier, it showed a noble feeling and how one soldier can appreciate the reverential love for a flag of battle shown by mother, even when fighting on opposite sides.

Godley's Lady's Book for August.

Comes to us full of fresh, breezy matter, a welcome guest upon the mid-summer day. From Darley's exquisite pen to the eagerly sought chat on fashion it is full of interest and the closest scrutiny will fail to find one dull page. The fashions are so numerous that every taste must meet with its own requirements, in preparing summer wardrobes for home or the resorts of travel in the hot season. Seaside costumes and mountain dresses, the simplicity of country dress, or the elaborate toilet of the watering place belle, can be modeled from the illustrations given in Godley, and the clear directions accompanying them. The literary matter is rich and varied, containing sparkling stories and exquisite poetry from the pens of such popular writers as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Christina Rossetti, James D. Mackintosh, S. Anne Shield, Caroline M. Smith, and others. In every department there is to be found matter valuable to the fair sex, for whom the magazine is especially intended, and we are sure our opinion will be endorsed by every reader of the beautiful number before us. We will furnish the book for \$1.00, and Godley's Lady's Book for one year at the low price of \$3.50 on subscription at this office.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine for August.

The leading literary magazine in the August number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine is "The Water-Mill," a poem that is published by the request of hundreds of people who want to preserve it in some substantial form. The poem has had a wonderful popularity all over the country, and our readers will rejoice to see it in an illustrated form. The next article, humorously illustrated, is the visit of a yachtman to the coast of Cornwall, England, in an American yacht, and there is a learned article on Madras, India, with a view of the city and then follows a nice summer story, called "The Boy and John A. Peters, a favorite story, told overboard, by Capt. W. H. Macy, the Nutcracker whaler; Sunday School, their Origin and History, by Colonel James Franklin Fitts; An Old Letter, a pretty little story, by Anna G. Sawyer; Mrs. Vanover's Folly, by Florence H. Birney; and Last, by Louise Duple. The other articles are: Recollections of other Days; Midsummer; The Family Peppercorn; Her Hero; No Return; A Little Mung Teacher; The Peach Orchard; The Three-Sided Statue; The Young People's Story; The Teller; Fred and Pessie; Tom's Grandfather; Ruthven's Puzzle; Curious Matters; Things Pleasant and Unpleasant; Our Picture Gallery; Published by Ballou's Monthly Magazine, Boston, Mass., at \$1.00 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICE: BROWN ST., bet. Main and River
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

A YOUNG RED-HEADED LADY.